

Misantropic Supremacy

Faust

The cry of the stone idols
Tears the old wounds open
Long forgotten laws
Reverberate with pounding of my heart

Living in me is the pain
Of misplacement and grief
Of having nothing real to gain
Civilization is the thief

Persistence guarding my identity
I've laid thr cornerstone
Of misantropic supremacy

Sick of omnipersistent verbal seizure
Meaningless backdrop existence
I withdraw and step aside
Grinding shedding annihilating

Clenching my fists I give out a cry
Of suppressed hatred and prisoned mind
What you worship I call a lie
Blindness and idiocy of all mankind

Perseverance
Stronger than ever
Led by the principles
Of misantropic supremacy